

CHRONIC PAIN · DIARY OF A SPOONIE · ISOLATION · UNCATEGORIZED

Diary of A Spoonie 8: Day in the Life

February 24, 2017 [saneinchronicpain](#)

Wednesday February 22, 2017

I woke up at about 8:30AM for no other reason than the fact that it's when I woke up. Even my dad was still in bed. I took my morning medication, my chinese herbs, and my remedy drops from qigong, downloaded James Arthur's "Back From The Edge" album (10/10 would recommend) and then sat down at my desk. See, I have decided to learn the stock market and my uncle, who is very good at it, gave me about the biggest binder I've ever seen to read through. So I started to read and take notes. It is very dense material and before too long my head was killing me so I stopped to take a shower. Once I got out I ended up writing a couple of blog posts y'all will see soon. Then it was back to the giant compound stock earnings binder. I chewed through ten more pages before I had to stop. Then I was scheduled to take some pain medication (I was at about an 8) and I accidentally left it on the table and forgot to take it. Four hours later I was dying and my mom said,

"Guess what I found Madi!" She had found the medicine and then I was left feeling totally dumb for enduring four hours of pain when I could have at least had a little reprieve. But we live and we learn I suppose. The rest of the day I spent writing blog posts, as well as some personal things, while watching Netflix. Completely missed out on national margarita day but in Texas that's pretty much every day so I don't feel that bad about it. Even though I hadn't really done much work today or left the house at all I was completely spent by 8:00PM. At 8:00PM I was faced with a decision. I was at a 7 pain wise and had two more hours until my next pain medication. So it was either go to bed and wake up in the middle of the night needing medication or wake up in the morning a solid 9 or I could wait the two hours, fight through my fatigue and wait for the pain medication. I decided it was best to fight the fatigue and wait the two hours After all, waking up in worse pain than you would if you had waited the two hours, sucks. While I was waiting I continued reading a book called Against Depression by Peter Kramer. I'm really enjoying it. It is all about if we could eradicate depression completely from the human race would we? Should we? It is pretty fascinating research. After that I hopped into bed, took my night meds and tried to drift off to sleep. Of course that's a lot harder than it sounds. But I eventually did fall asleep.